

BY AUGUST BELL.

...and a keen eye to the main

The Ashberrys were a successful family. We all thought so in the little town of Pannone, where their grandfather had come from some place north, and settled nearly a year before any time. He was the first root of them, as far as I know, and his children were a dozen strong, all married and settled, with families and businesses of their own. They were so many, people said the Ashberrys had got all the trades among them: grocers and tailors, drapers and butchers, stationers, shoemakers, and I don't remember what else they were; but every one was doing on and up, enlarging shops, increasing business, and extending connections, till "getting on like the Ashberrys" became a sort of proverb in Pannone. They were qualified for getting on, and I suppose they deserved it. The Ashberrys were, every one, that sort of people that begin with tremendous halfpenny and penny trifles. If a penny could be turned in any direction, they were the people to turn it. If an old woman could be got—mind, I mean in an old woman's mind—any—were the people to take it. Remonstrated houses, well-stocked shops, general attendance on business, regularly paid accounts, and safe speculations; in short, industry, prudence, and a keen eye to the main thing.

Single Samson had come and gone, it was supposed for the last time, one winter about Christmas. The season was unusually cold and stormy. The old man had been shaken by an attack of yellow fever at Barbadoes, had lost part of his wages and got out of employment by a dispute between the owners and the ship going into Chancery, and he was particularly willing to stop and rest in some quiet corner among his old friends and kindfolk in this shore. But none of the prudent Amberrys could hear of such a thing: they all had their own families to keep, their respectability to maintain, and their consciences neighbors to stop out of news. He should go to London, he said to go to sea, since he was fit for no better; either man could always get something to do. In short, they would not have him in Penance; and under the lectures, the mabbing, and the indignity given help, the old man's patient heart at length gave way: he turned from their better words to sons and brothers, and thought he would never come back except with money enough to buy them all out of home and home. Their view was repeated at the office and Tankard, a small, quick, thin situated Cape Lane, and kept him on violent but active and honest couple, who had been married and well-to-do for nearly sixty years, and were reckoned among the oldest inhabitants of the town. The Florida had been acquainted with

upon which was set in the newspapers. Uncle Sampson did not seem to come back with his fortune made, and he had done so; that was plain, on his own repeated attestation, from the silver distributed among the porters, from the superior entertainments ordered at the "Pipe and Tankard," and, above all, from the heavy and linking chest. The Abbesssary now went to welcome home their uncle, not exactly in person, but something very like it; for every chance that wide spreading tree felt that its particular share of the chest was in danger. Sampson did not live for ever, as the miller had expected, and to spend what he had brought home was manifestly out of the question. Sons, nephews, nephews, nieces and nieces-in-law, not speak of cousins beyond counting, hurried to the "Pipe and Tankard." "And why should I dear uncle stay there? couldn't he come some of their homes, where he would have more comfort? they should all be delighted to have him to sit down to do everything for him, and listen to his delightful adventures." His wife and their wives were perfectly anxious at this point, and might have seemed to open it, as the ladies were mutually desirous of helping each other down; but Sampson went on to the rising strife. "He was much obliged to their kind offers, but he would stay with his friends the Floods. Thank Providence, he had now afford to pay at the best inn in Eng-

living alone in that outskirts of the town to keep so much wealth in his house, and he was depositing the money in a bank with which they dealt; but Sampson could hear of nothing of the kind. "He had a lot of money," said Haden, "but he had lost two situations and the only way he could make good was to go to the 'Equitable and Foreign Investment Stock Bank,' that filled thirty years ago, and he had cheated everybody? No; he would keep property safe in his chest; he had trouble enough to get it, and Providence, which had proved him through so many dangers by sea and land, would keep the thieves of Providence from him," and his "Attempts to borrow were equally successful. His case demonstrated beyond doubt that they could carry on a roving trade and come to be members of Parliament if he could only advance them a few hundreds; his threats and upbraidings had speculations of which were equally sure; but vain were all their efforts after a loss, though backed by promises of enormous interest. "No," said Sampson, "I neither lend nor borrow: neither of the two I intend set well with me. You all get on well when I had no chest; now that I have one get on just as well without taking it account as I am. Let it stand there, locked fast as it is, till I am gone; then you can

Interior of a Japanese House.

I enjoyed several opportunities of observing the internal economy of a Japanese house. A small square table, about a foot high, with an edge of an inch deep all round, standing four legs, is a common article of furniture. On these are generally placed five or six small pots, containing pickles of bamboo, ginger, &c., of various kinds, all very palatable to many European tastes, as well as Japanese. A family, gathered and seated round this miniature table, not on chairs or benches, such articles being unknown and unappreciated, but the mat which forms the floor carpet, are served by a hard-working domestic, who has a kind of maid-of-all-work, with rice in all cups from a steaming cauldron. The re-bunches are generally spiced near, and, wherever we have seen the family meet, appear to have a propensity, probably heightened by a want of appetite, for dipping their fingers in the soup (which the servant holds in one hand while she ladles out the rice), seldom doing with any respect. On one solitary occasion, however, the maid-of-all-work thought proper to show a little bit of antipathy. Finding the child on the cauldron, she put it once more on the fire, and then let the refractory nannies hold their mother, on whose back slung the blemish, a flat flabby-looking babe, supported a long snarl along across the left shoulder. Course no spoons are made use of to serve the most little delicacies that may be served out. chopsticks about half a size shorter than used in China, dive in and out of the particular morsel, bringing back the bit on which the owner has not his or her desire, who a stew of chopped meat, the fish in the dish, or any other choice morsel. They eat a quantity of rice and fish. A particular kind of the latter they are fond of, and they partake of with a vegetable like our choy, very freely scraped.—*A Lady's Visit to Silla and Japan.*

and her vanity but not to believe, she

ness as clear and known and spoken about, but very soon it would be necessary to make it more and more of a secret. The most important thing would be a second Gore House, and this room an important one for discussion in the night of his youth.

If John Golson laughed the rooms in which he left his wife to be already finished, it was only because he had seen them there, the apartment which was run up the day of his departure and later his return. "There is no advantage to be taken when her aunt Lady Gordon, approached her with entreaties in a tone of jealousy." "There is no advantage to be taken from these things if it is to be a return to the things which I am forced to look at in all events you must understand the things are very pretty."

They were thus, individually. The room seemed to them with the new look set to

...there is anything in that gun

"Of course he called it, and you must 'thank him,' as you call it; how can I? Whether or not there is anything in it. That remains to be seen. I think that there is very few chances of those Irish marrying if they brought out property; marrying was, even if it does not marry kindred, which is more than probable."

"It would be difficult if you had a town and town connection, Kate. However, you may be so kindly that I hope your plan will succeed though I don't think much of it myself. You can't do much for a girl when you're living lodgings and don't entertain."

"My friends can do a great deal for her. Let Gladstone (I told you he was the person when I was, remember, John) be always very kind to the girls in anything, and she need a great many people. But about the brothers?"

"I feel better here, I suppose."

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John, no; were I alone concerned
I might prefer a single one because

"because I do infinitely prefer it; but suppose we are invited to any party at Richmond Green, and asked to give any one a horse, my inability to do so might stop an entire No. There must be room for a third in the coach, and it must be very dark, and the horse I should like to be black or gray as a very high stepper. Of course you'll send Edgar, and William, so that I shall have my own liveries."

"Why, you're regularly going in for a town establishment, Kate; but you mean it no less for a little woman, that you shall have your own car about it. I hope I french won't disappoint you after all."

"I hope he will not," she said, dryly.

"Or she will not herself for that matter. Is it

of radiation to improve water

"No; too dark; but there is something a tractive about her, something very attractive in deed; otherwise I shouldn't take all this trouble to cultivate Harold's possible fancy. I shall call on Lady Ghastill to-morrow and secure his co-operation."

"Is the bent on marrying Harold off also?"

"Oh, no; doesn't care for him a bit; believes him to be all bad, an utterly irredeemable selfish man, who is rightly dealt with in being wiled and homestead. She isn't his aunt, you know; she was my mother's sister, no relation to Harold at all."

"But she has your aunt pitched her tent this year? I didn't know she was in town."

"In Wilton Place; but won't speak about it any more, for I don't remember that you won't be with me, all the edge of the pleasure I should otherwise feel is taken off."

"I will run up as often as I can," John Graft said, heartily; "in fact, when I have so many things going I may as well come up altogether."

promises of happiness struck Mrs. O'Connell for a minute or two; but after

time her peers of noquesne returned, and she enlarged with a wifely interest on the shortcomings of his farm-bailiff—a man whom she “never trusted farther than she could see,” she said—and on the general and proverbial dishonesty and laziness of the Haversham laborers. It was an unfortunate topic to have chosen if she desired to have her husband’s society in town. The upshot of it was, that he declared the reason to be “that they were not to be trusted, unless they knew they were liable to the inspection of the master every hour of the day; farming would do itself, and of course I have more interest in seeing it well done than any one else. Ah! I shan’t give them such another spell of their own way for some time to come.”

It was a most unfortunate topic to have chosen, this one which had terminated in such a decision. And so Kate thought, it is to be hoped.

ady Glackill, and a rapturous consen-

To Theo's going to Mrs. Walton came up first. Mrs. Leigh, and the brougham was placed at Mrs. Galton's absolute disposal; and the happy husband went home to superintend the ripening of his crops and other things appertaining to his occupation; and the young Mr. Walton came in to help into the spider's net, which was in process of being woven almost immediately after the reconstruction; and still Harriet Pritchett kept out of the way.

The apartments which Mrs. Galton occupied in Piccadilly were situate opposite to the Green Park. They were spacious and lofty, as became her rank; their position in the world, but they were not the least that all seemed desirable to her: they were furnished with the most elegant and costly furniture, and she had a taste for a grim and heavy fashion that was repulsive to her, although the furniture itself was good. The people to whom the house belonged, before letting it for the season and detaching it for camping for economic reasons, had carefully denuded their rooms of everything that could by any possibility be broken or easily carried off.

and this precaution had imparted an air of mystery and general dreariness to the room.

The task was one upon which she entered with an avidity which only a pretty woman devoid of worthily ennobling herself and regarding the casket despoiling of so fair a jewel as she feels herself to be can experience. She resolved upon having a share in the glories that were going. She had always sighed for a fashionable life, and here was an opportunity of leading one, for a brief space at any rate. Old friends should be looked up and new ones formed through their means, and a lien or two caught and persuaded to roar in her rooms—all that she could desire. The utmost triumph she could attain would be in a small way, but she could attain that in a flash, and she was

"I was hardly worth while to get them up in this way for the short time you'll be allowed to stay, my dear," Lady Glinsk observed, when she had marked and approved of her niece's renovated web.

"I don't mean it to be for a short time; I have a plan in my head."

"You always had, if I remember, my dear, a good many plans in your head, and some of them came to nothing."

Lady Glinsk was one of those plenipotentiaries

man. She was a little old lady, slightly deformed, but she declared herself to have been a fairy, a youth, an ethereal beauty in the days of her youth; and as no one could remember the days, she was never contradicted. She was an active, restless little woman even now, agile and kittenish and gaudy, and full of those confusions and sham triflingness and fearfully high spirits; a ghastly old woman who believed in herself and her love-winning proportion long after the one who had loved her had come to the conclusion that she was a real old woman. She was her bones; for the skin was gone and the color was paint, and the teeth and hair were completely removed of and extremely variable, and the heart and sentiments were falsest than everything else. She was a nice old lady!—a very nice old lady indeed was Lady Gladish; and people frequented her house freely when she

emphasized several of her crowning perfections. She had been robbed to the chin, and she had been desperately *drivelled*. In rapid succession for a longer series of years than one would care to enumerate. She had gained a name for foolish vanity beyond every one of her foolishly vain companions; her name had been called in question ^{by} ^{her} through her own vainglorious boasts, and her stories had been refuted a thousand times. Yet still she kept her place in the world, and the denizens of it flocked around her tattered mud-beattered old standard whenever she erected it, and called attention to the fact.

She was not a good, a worthy, or respected woman, but she was a popular and very well-known woman; and she struggled hard to remain this latter thing, and never faded away from any one's mind through lack of continually stirring that mind up with a hint of her existence. She had married Sir Archibald Glasgow by force, and fought her way into society

for herself, name with which every one, who was any one at least, was acquainted. This was something all must allow, even if they do not rate the honor as highly as Lady Glaskill did; to her it was as the breath of her nostrils; and Kate Galton had been in the way of this breath passing over her very often when she was a girl.

But Lady Glaskill was a clever fool only, and Kate was something a trifle higher in the scale. The former told her eccentric, enthusiastic, purposeless lies only for the sake of being stared at and called "so very peculiar you know;" the latter told her better motivated ones for an end always. Kate liked to be stared at, but not to be stared at solely on account of her peculiarities. Her aunt, wissimed, ruddled old Lady Glaskill, was happy and content in the assertion that every unmarried man she had ever met had loved and proposed to her. Lady Glaskill was

happy and content with the mere assertion of these things. But Kate was not satisfied unless such things were. The shadow was enough for the voracious vanity of the old woman, but the substance alone sufficed for the not less voracious vanity of the younger one.

It was at Lady Giskill's house in Wilton Place that those Leigh made her entrance into London society. Lady Giskill had learned cards for a conversation, and it promised to be brilliantly attended, for she audaciously asked, or caused her friends to ask, every one whose name sounded that year, and her audacity was well rewarded.

"The little girl you have taken up shall be suitable, my dear, for I won't have too many other women." Lady Giskill had said to her niece Mrs. Galton, with the rarest magnanimity, or, rather, with what would have sounded like

CHAPTER IX.
THE SHADOW.

There was a man at Lady Glashill's that night who had written a sensational novel. He personally is intended; hundreds of men wrote novels that were sensational or the reverse in 1851; and there was also a political martyr, and an Adonis epidemic, and a terrible man who had poisoned his wife by accident, and saved himself the centre of attraction in the fashionable world ever since the catastrophe. A woman

There reverberated the usual throng that one passes at such places. In their midst were the first of an Oriental ambassador, who had been in a private link greeting the room for a few minutes.

The successful scientist and the scientific man, however, faded into insignificance, and faded into nothing before the light of General Pitt-Rivers around whom all the women were circling, banking motionlessly in the oily refulgence of the smiles of the child of the era, who was gazing calmly at their long English throats bared for the occasion, and thinking that not one of them was worthy to be compared with the least lovely of the lights of his far-off harem, and of how many pounds of Rahet Lu Koum it would take to improve their appearance.

The rooms were very full; people stood thick as ears of corn in a well-grass field, and the banes comforted. These as the advanced up that shrouded lane, hedged in by masculine humanity on either side, in the wake of her champion, who made straight, with the rush of an adept, towards her hostess. Mrs. Galtier never faltered when she entered a room or undulated

The hour of dressing had not been one of unmixed satisfaction to Theo. for Mrs. Galton was one of those sweet women who are specially skilful in the sticking-in of what are called pins to another woman. She had left it till the day of the party to question Theo as to what he meant by "not coming." Theo told her what, and "hoped it would do," Mrs. Galton did not exactly say that it was not fitting and proper, but she said that it was "disappointing" and that Theo felt

Not that Mrs. Galtion is really disapprov-
ing of her young friend's choice of toilette, but it
was a point of conscience with her never to let
an opportunity pass of putting a sister out
of conceit with her appearance, and she was rigor-
ous in attending to the demands of her conscience
on this point.

"It's very nice, but do you think it's be-
coming?" she had asked when Theo told her
that she was going to wear pale blue net over
white muslin skirts. When Theo said she
thought blue generally suited her," Mrs. Gal-
tion replied:

"If you think it does, it's all right." In a
tone which implied that she (Mrs. Galtion) did
not think that it did become Theo by any means.
Kate then went on to inquire about the wreath
Theo designed to wear, and to opine that "forget-
me-nots were pretty, but affectively simple, didn't
Theo think, as a rule; only becoming, in fact,
to very fair women with little color."

herself to-night," Mrs. Galton whispered contemptuously to Theo after the expiration of a few minutes, during which Lady Glaskill had succeeded in attracting all attention to herself by being ecstatic about "the Orient," to the neglect and partial oblivion of her niece. When Lady Glaskill's follies led attention away from Kate, Kate was as intolerant to them as the wisest could desire. "She's boring that poor man insufferably," Mrs. Galton remarked; "you can see that he's bored to talking to me; but Lady Glaskill does hold on so pertinaciously when she once gets a man's ear."

The fact was that the majority of those who stood within speaking range of Mrs. Galton were strangers to her; she would, therefore, have been condemned to a silence which it is always painful to maintain perfect in a gay throng of talkers and laughers. No wonder

medium streets of which the instantly broad
Orleans was the center. The opportunity was
one which she would not refuse to pass; mental
materialism from her would she rightly
judge, be preferable to the same from her
sister. Therefore she smiled and spoke with all
the fluency of which she was mistress.
To this her listeners listened with calm tran-
quility, and replied with calm dignity; but
that she did listen and reply was enough for
Miss Giddens.

Lady Glanville retired, content, reassured by one of her own skills. The new job cut by her debut for a brief day, but although an instantly told, she was a professional musician; therefore the solo singer she took over her conductors when was created in those words, which she uttered in no very low tone when the Oriental stage-ground then Kate had gained departed.

It is not too late to see the play!

"With my dog, I'm sorry you have no more, but the opportunity of making yourself completely; now, perhaps, you will be good enough to come here and let me introduce some of my particular friends to you. I suppose you are disappointed that it isn't a dance, you're looking so blank," the attention, looking sharply to her. "Never allow dancing to my house, my dear; wear out your tongues as much as you like, but not my carpets."

Which only was rewarded by a house of cygnets observing silently that "Lady Glanville was an absolutely strident as over,

her opinion respecting it upon his entry he took to the verge of imbecility, by declaring the book to be "so delishful, so beautiful, so much interested in it," and the heroine to be "a dear," and the end "delicious" or "divine," as the case might be. But she insisted it; spoke of it as a whole as to one who did not know it thoroughly could speak, he told himself; judiciously extracted from him a statement of what he considered to be the finest passages, and then spoke with great feeling and sympathy of these very passages in a way that was more subtly flattering than any praise would have been. Men, even successful novelists, are but mortal. Mr. Linley was not ill pleased to find that a work of his was deemed so profound by a woman who was "far from shallow," so he phrased it in his mind. Theo. Leigh, standing by, wondered greatly that Mrs. Galtou should so rashly venture upon the discussion of a book which she could know through the medium of reviews, with its author, and still more whether this Linley was the one of whom her father had spoken—the man who had been

But speculation on any subject ceased to occupy her mind almost immediately, for a man made his way very quietly to her side and addressed her, and took her hand in his as though they had parted on the most ordinary terms. His coolness cooled her, and his steadiness steadied her, and though she was disappointed—warily as she had resolved—at this casual acquaintance manner which Mr. French adopted towards her, she still could not feel glad that it so immediately reacted upon her own.

"I was very glad to hear from Mrs. Galton that you and she are going to enjoy yourselves together; it was the most sensible plan I ever knew her form. Is your father in town still?—how is he?"

"Papa is gone home—he is very well."

"What is the move?—oh! going down to supper; my experience of this sort of thing teaches me that it is well to go down at once

"You know very well that you could never bore me; how can you be so unkind as to pretend to think it?" she cried. Then she was afraid that she had said too much, and said it too warmly, and her hand began to tremble on his arm.

"Theo," he whispered softly, "have you forgiven me?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Ffrench," she replied, proudly, for there was the same tender inflection in his voice that had been in it on that night when he had told his love for her, and won her to show hers in return. She remembered this, and the remembrance stung her.

"Nothing to forgive! I wish to Heaven you had not anything to forgive," he muttered. Then he went to get her a glass of wine; and Theo

It is useless for any man, even the greatest, to think fully to comprehend any woman.

